

EL PASO HERALD

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

The First Day

EL PASO'S great three-day Statehood jubilee opens today. It is in honor of the two new states, Arizona and New Mexico, that five governors assemble here; that 1500 troops of the United States army and hundreds of militia and cadets participate in the military ceremonies; that official Texas journeys 700 miles to assume its part in the formal welcome; that even Mexico demonstrates her good fellowship and friendly feeling by sending a strong delegation of her civil rulers accompanied by troops; that distant cities make elaborate preparations for representation in the great allegorical pageant; and that thousands of visitors from half a dozen commonwealths come to help celebrate.

It is a unique event. Never before has the adding of new stars to the American flag been made the occasion for such a demonstration of popular enthusiasm. And it can never occur again, for the reason that Arizona and New Mexico are the last states to be admitted to the union; the last remaining acre of continental United States territory has been brought into the sisterhood of states with full participation in the glories and the privileges of American citizenship and equality of opportunity.

El Paso is singularly well situated to be the place of such a demonstration. This city, while in Texas, is more closely bound socially and commercially with Arizona and New Mexico. This city and its leading citizens have had an active part in carrying on the long fight for statehood, and this city has ever been zealous in advancing the sound interests of the two new states in every possible way. This city has taken a leading part in advancing all progressive movements in the two new states. This city has promoted railroads and irrigation enterprises, has advertised the resources and aided in the development of the two new states. This city is dependent on the two new states for her prosperity, and El Paso is grateful for the contributions which Arizona and New Mexico have made to her growth and prosperity. The friendly feeling is intimately personal. We know each other. The people of Arizona and New Mexico are our personal friends, our social familiars, and our commercial allies.

El Paso is the only spot on earth where the people of Arizona and New Mexico can meet on neutral ground without going away from home. This is home. El Paso is the natural gathering place at all times for the people of Arizona and New Mexico. They know our people as they know our streets and our buildings, our places of amusement and our places of business. The social clubs of El Paso exchange privileges with the social clubs of Arizona and New Mexico cities. Frequent sporting tournaments bring together the choice spirits of the three commonwealths. El Paso has given her money and her time to promote the welfare of the people of her neighbor states. El Pasos have money invested in Y. M. C. A. buildings and churches of the two new states, as well as in mines, farms, buildings, mercantile houses, and live stock.

This great Statehood jubilee strongly emphasizes the grand brotherhood of the people of western Texas with the people of Arizona and New Mexico; it emphasizes our inter-dependence, our mutual duties and mutual privileges. The celebration will be very democratic. There are no lines of distinction drawn. The people that are good enough to do business with are good enough to welcome as friends and neighbors. The invitations are universal, and the welcome will be no less so. Everybody is wanted, and everybody will be made to feel that he is an honored and timely guest. It is "open house" in El Paso for our visitors.

There will be something doing every minute. Visitors will suffer in only one way—lack of sleep. El Paso can and will provide plenty of places to eat and sleep, and El Paso can and will make her visitors eat and enjoy themselves to the utmost, but El Paso cannot make her visitors sleep, and there will be 24 hour sessions every day. The guests who craves sleep between now and Sunday would better take a quiet room to the top of Mount Franklin, for otherwise there will be no getting away from the big stunts and the hoars.

Make yourselves at home, good people. You are the whole thing. It is your celebration, and if El Paso is spending her tens of thousands and giving weeks of the time of her busiest business men to do this thing up right, it is only because El Paso is taking the keenest pleasure of her bright young life in showing her guests what red fire and star spangled banners are for.

This is really only the beginning of a day that shall have no ending; for El Paso will still be "celebrating statehood" with Arizona and New Mexico long after our bones are dust. We can start the thing off right anyhow, and that is what we are going to try to do these three glorious days.

Turn loose!

Whoopee!

Everybody sing!

No, kind friends, there is no ulterior motive. We are simply blowing ourselves.

In the good old El Paso way!

Wherein El Paso can't be beat.

Don't stop to ask for it, but just take it along.

To tell the truth, this blooming jubilee got away from us. There was 40 times as much enthusiasm as the committee ever counted on.

To Arizona grouches: It takes two to make a quarrel, and El Paso has no quarrel. Better come over and have the time of your life.

Look out for badgers, beavers, gophers, elks, and golf players.

The newly arrived eastern visitor complained that in the southwest "Nobody's anybody." It is probably due to the fact that in this country "Everybody's somebody."

Under the circumstances, better lay off from work.

You'll find him on the curb.

Old McGinty will come to the surface tonight and speak his mind.

There's music in the air.

No use waiting for the procession to pass by—just join in and follow the band.

If you are not here yet, come first train.

There is room in El Paso for 5,000,000 visitors before we will be as crowded as New York; so come ahead, the crush isn't bad.

Ginger and do-good! It seems just like the old time El Paso of the days before we got so blamed civilized.

Leave your dignity at home.

The secretary of the interior and the director of the reclamation service may confidently report that "they found things quite active under the Rio Grande project." We may be asleep, but be jingo! it's a great line of dreams they are putting over on us.

Up from the deep! It's started, and the parade will take three days to pass a given point.

Just stand on the Herald corner and you will see it all.

There are more people in El Paso today than there were in the whole state of Texas two generations ago.

Mystery Or Fraud?

AMONG MANY merchants and other newspaper advertisers there still exists a curiously mistaken idea that there is some mystery about newspaper circulation—that a publisher is perhaps warranted in concealing the truth about his circulation, or that an advertiser must accept the unsupported statement of a publisher or even of an advertising solicitor because of the imaginary difficulty of ascertaining the exact truth about a newspaper's circulation.

Such wrong notions, that still persist in some quarters among business men who are careful enough in other matters, simply play into the hands of publishers who habitually overstate their circulation and who, on that account, refuse to permit advertisers to make their own independent examinations, or even refuse to present any tangible proof of circulation when called on.

Advertisers may put it down as an absolute fact that a publisher who refuses proof of circulation, or who refuses permission to advertisers to make their own examinations in their own way, is habitually deceiving his advertising patrons; that such a "mysterious" publisher has reason for concealment because he has been making a practice of receiving money under false pretences, and dares not let the truth come out.

The El Paso Herald offers advertisers every facility to make their own investigations of its circulation, and is prepared to make any sort of proof desired by advertisers, that its circulation is exactly as represented.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE candidate goes forth to tell how well he did his duty; he held his office passing well—his record is a beauty. He stands before a panting crowd and winds through wordy mazes, and in a rancorous voice and loud he sings forth his own praises. No other man in all the earth would dare to stand before you and prate of his own sterling worth, and with his virtues bore you. If I should stand around and boast about my

IN POLITICS

hughous verses, you'd laugh me what I'd need—a roast, and sprinkle me with curses. You'd say: "The man who wants to charm should be a trifle modest, and state is a false alarm—a prophet stuffed with seaweed." The preacher doesn't tell the town how well he fills the pulpit; that sort of stuff we couldn't down—he knows we wouldn't gulp it. The doctor doesn't make the claim that he's the one physician who knows the way to cure your frame when you're in bad condition. The statesman is the only guy who has the nerve to face us and boost himself for half a day and sing his charms and graces.

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The Daily Horoscope

By T. K. Hedrick

"The Gink Says:"



How far is this thing going, anyway," you may ask on learning that for the third day the moon hides in the Virgin sign. Be at peace, this is the last day for some time. And each day though the feminine influence is powerful, it is wadded in a different direction. Oh, her variety is still infinite! Today she shall be a suffragette. Her voice shall be uplifted in the demand, "votes for women." And the signs all indicate that her political cause shall prosper. The indications are that she will win many new masculine converts to her way of thinking. Her persuasive powers shall be greatly enhanced, and besides that she will suddenly display an intimate and accurate knowledge of politics and politicians that will amaze and confound her opponents. Maybe she will have looked into the records of some of our statesmen—and heaven help 'em if she has! You can see that she will make "converts." Quick wit, and a natural bent toward oratory are the gifts of the day.

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The Scapegoat

By Leslie Thomas

"BUT I really must have another 'trock.' Mrs. Frensham persisted.

"Haven't I explained thoroughly—how bad business it is."

"One little cheque couldn't possibly make any difference Herbert."

"But what do you want new clothes at all for? Why, I absolutely forget when I visited my tailor last. Besides, that dress you have on—nothing the matter with it."

"Oh, no! It's only old-fashioned and a bit faded."

Mrs. Frensham suddenly interrupted with a little shriek.

"These drops of water don't improve it, anyhow. Why don't you speak to that man, Herbert?"

Her husband swung around. His face was rather flushed.

"Hi! Take your animal away and clear off your feet! Do you hear me?"

The bench by the roadside had seemed an idyllic spot for rest and conversation, after a dusty walk that had been a real trial to the temper.

"Take your animal away," he called again.

"Hi! Take your animal away and clear off your feet! Do you hear me?"

The shabby man, William Cory by name, stared resentfully.

"Do are you talkin' to me? 'E likes a wash, same as you do—more, most likely."

"See that he shakes himself somewhere else, not this side of the pond. And you're encouraging the brute."

"'E's a nuisance," he—he's annoying other people."

"Never mind him, Herbert. After all nothing can hardly hurt this costume. We were talking about a new one. I'll quite like it."

"Oh, yes, I've no doubt! What you might call it could get—"

"Quite out of the question! Must I repeat it, I'm pressed for money."

"Herbert, dear."

"That's final. Twenty dollars or nothing."

"I think you're most inconsiderate. Give it to me now, then, in case you forget."

"Instantly her husband produced his pocketbook and, screening its contents, pulled out a banknote. Unguardedly he tossed it into her lap."

"You'll lose it if I don't before we get home. There! What did I say! Bless my soul!"

"Just of wind lifted the note. Mrs. Frensham made a grab at it, but too late. Both sprang to their feet. It fluttered off on the breeze round the neighboring corner, passing Mr. Cory in its flight. He tore in pursuit, with the goat at his heels."

They disappeared from view before Mrs. Frensham, who was somewhat portly, began to follow. They were 10 yards off when he came in sight of them again. The goat was cropping some scanty grass. Mr. Cory, hat in hand, stared round him in all directions.

"Right down funny, that is," he remarked, scratching his head. "I saw it 'arf a minute ago."

"Mr. Frensham stared indignantly. "Well, where is it now?"

"'Ain't I lookin'! Was it a very important letter?"

"Well, where is it now?"

"'Twas a \$20 note."

"He turned an innocent surprised face. Mr. Frensham sought the hedge, the ditch and the roadway in vain, then paused suspiciously."

"Things don't vanish altogether on their own, anything particular by that?"

"If you hadn't meddled, I should certainly have found it."

"You thickly," demanded Mr. Cory thickly, "that there's such a thing as lam a lie!"

"If you've hidden it, and don't give it up at once, I'll be bound to tell."

"Ah! Now we understand each other. So you think I've stole it, do ye?"

"Mr. Cory replaced his battered hat with a defiant gesture. "Come on, then. Come and give me in charge to the station."

The stout gentleman hesitated. "Tchah! You wouldn't dare. As a matter of fact, I've no call to tell ye this, but I will as a matter of fact, my goat 'ad 'is foot on it. An' I'm not sure 'e didn't get 'old of it too. That's no 'Trot' o' mine."

"Nonsense! A cock and bull story!"

"Just as ye like."

"What has he done with it then?"

"Eater it, shouldn't you? Your duty to give me another \$20, particularly as I've

The Herald's Daily Short Story

shouldn't let papers fly about the road. 'Ow was 'e to know it was \$20. There's a bit of it stickin' to 'is beard. Come 'ere, Billy!"

Mrs. Frensham had drawn near. She gasped, and cried:

"Eaten it! Herbert! the money for my new frock!"

"Eaten it? It got it away from 'im, mum, an' then, all of a sudden, it—it disappeared like."

Mr. Frensham stared.

"And what do you propose that I should do in the matter?" he demanded at last.

"Say good-bye to it," suggested the shabby man pleasantly. "With it what folks call a fond farewell."

He began to stroll away. Urged on by his wife, Mr. Frensham pursued him closely.

"Don't get followin' me about. I can't 'elp Billy's appetite."

Continuing, he started to whistle blithely. Now his pace was too fast for Mr. Frensham who, gradually out-distanced, raged and muttered in the rear. Finally he halted and his wife overtook him.

"Herbert, surely a policeman might advise."

"Oh, that's just like a woman! What policeman? Where's a policeman? How to goodness—"

"I saw one coming along before we turned the corner, some way off, though."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so at first?"

He hurried back, and gestured wildly to the unformed figure. The policeman approached majestically, and Mr. Frensham spluttered out his tale.

"My wife's watching him. Come along!"

Mr. Frensham reported that the shabby man had not long passed beyond the bend in the road; soon, in fact, he came into view once more.

"You see," he gasped, "he's got your \$20 note, sir."

"That's right. That's quite right!"

"Then, you know, what have you got to say?"

"The man preserved a lofty silence."

"The man confessed he had lost \$20."

"Mr. Cory frowned. "No, I never!"

"Is that theft, officer? Can I give into custody?"

"The man?"

"The policeman eyed both in puzzled fashion. Mr. Cory sat on the bank again.

"Come to me, sir, any way," he owes you five pounds—if you can prove your case."

"Prove it?" Mr. Frensham wrinkled his brow. "Why, yes, of course. Where's the nearest veterinary surgeon?"

"There's one in Prescott Road, sir—'arf a mile further on."

"What's the game?" Mr. Cory queried.

"You catch your goat and come along with us," the policeman commanded.

"Ketch 'im yerself!"

Mr. and Mrs. Frensham were talking rapidly together.

"The animal would feel nothing—chloroform!" reached Mr. Cory's ear.

"He snatched the game!" he demanded once more. "Ere, you can't 'ave Billy out open. Can they officer?"

"The constable hesitated. "To recover the five?"

"Cut 'im up!" Mr. Cory screamed. "A crook scandal, that what it is. Why should the pure, innocent, good, honest man be treated like this? He's never swaller'd nothing. Besides, if 'e did, 'ow was 'e to know 'e was doin' wrong? An' 'ow's he to pay me for 'im? 'Is worth 50 pounds to me. Billy's my only pal, 'e is."

"If I'm mistaken in my suspicions," stated Mr. Frensham stiffly, "I will pay you a dollar."

"Pologise, too, I 'ope. Yes; public 'ology."

The little procession started. The constable seemed uneasy.

"You can't 'ave the goat cut open, sir."

"Well, well, there are other methods, I think. I'm not going to lose \$20 without an effort to prevent it. I'm not that kind of person. In this the vet's place?"

"He drew back. The other three entered. A quarter of an hour went slowly by. Suddenly Mr. Cory

smiled. He carried the goat. Behind him Mr. Frensham glowered.

"Now, then, sir, move along," the constable demanded sharply. "I've got to get back to my duty."

"Arr a minute," Mr. Cory begged. "I've got to see 'e pays me for 'im. 'Is worth 50 pounds to me. Billy's my only pal, 'e is."

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Educational Value of Moving Pictures Proven in Many Ways

In Religious and School Work at Home and Among Filipinos They Prove Excellent Teachers.

THE increasing popularity of motion pictures is due in no small degree to the growing recognition of their value as an instrument for both direct and indirect instruction. The chief function of the cinematograph at this time is to amuse, but yet motion pictures designed and exhibited solely for amusement have actually a potent educational influence.

Even the cheapest moving picture theaters, those that display an unusually large proportion of comic pictures, two or three times a week put on reels of travel pictures. The amusement afforded by such pictures is intellectual, and the result of looking at them is to increase one's stock of knowledge.

Fiction in Moving Pictures.

The increasing use of standard fiction as a basis for photographs also has a remarkable effect. One school teacher took the trouble to investigate the results of the display in a half dozen moving picture theaters in a small western city of a photoplay based on "The Tale of Two Cities." She found that a large proportion of the patrons of the shows never before had heard of Dickens, and that many of them were delighted with the photoplay, and during the week the reel was displayed and the following week the book stories of the town reported the Tale of Two Cities as the "best seller." The immortal heroes of the works of other Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Dickens, Thackeray, and scores of other great writers have been revealed to hundreds of thousands of persons who would have been ignorant of them but for the five cent moving picture show. While such films are prepared primarily to amuse, indirectly they instruct.

The use of moving pictures for direct instruction is increasing rapidly. For the past two years patrons of the moving picture theaters have been asked to voluntarily subscribe to a weekly moving picture newspaper—a reel showing in motion pictures from five to 12 important events of the week, such as from all over Europe. This feature has lately been transplanted to the United States, a weekly being issued by the American branch of a French manufacturing concern. The American competitors of this house immediately took the hint, and now almost every moving picture theater runs new pictures at least once a week.

Supply Lecturers With Pictures.

The general film distributing agency of the "licensed" film makers has established an educational department, which undertakes to furnish lecturers, school teachers, social workers and pastors of churches with program for evening's motion picture entertainment covering any desired subject in natural science, physical science, geography, history, politics, travel or general market.

An educational film that has proved popular in the five cent theaters, shows the advance in agricultural implements and methods of cultivation from the first pioneers to the modern farmer, and the hand sickle still in use in Egypt, to the great steam plows plowing the fields of the northwestern plains of America.

Another popular educational film was entitled "Bob's Microscope." Bob, a young man who gives him a microscope and shows him how to use it. The film picture is a series of slides, showing the field of the microscope and many wonderful things are shown. The working of yeast in a drop of ale, the minute animal life in a certain kind of cheese, enlarged until they appear like lobsters and crabs, make the boy shudder to think of the microscopic life that is everywhere.

The film picture is a series of slides, showing the field of the microscope and many wonderful things are shown. The working of yeast in a drop of ale, the minute animal life in a certain kind of cheese, enlarged until they appear like lobsters and crabs, make the boy shudder to think of the microscopic life that is everywhere.

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